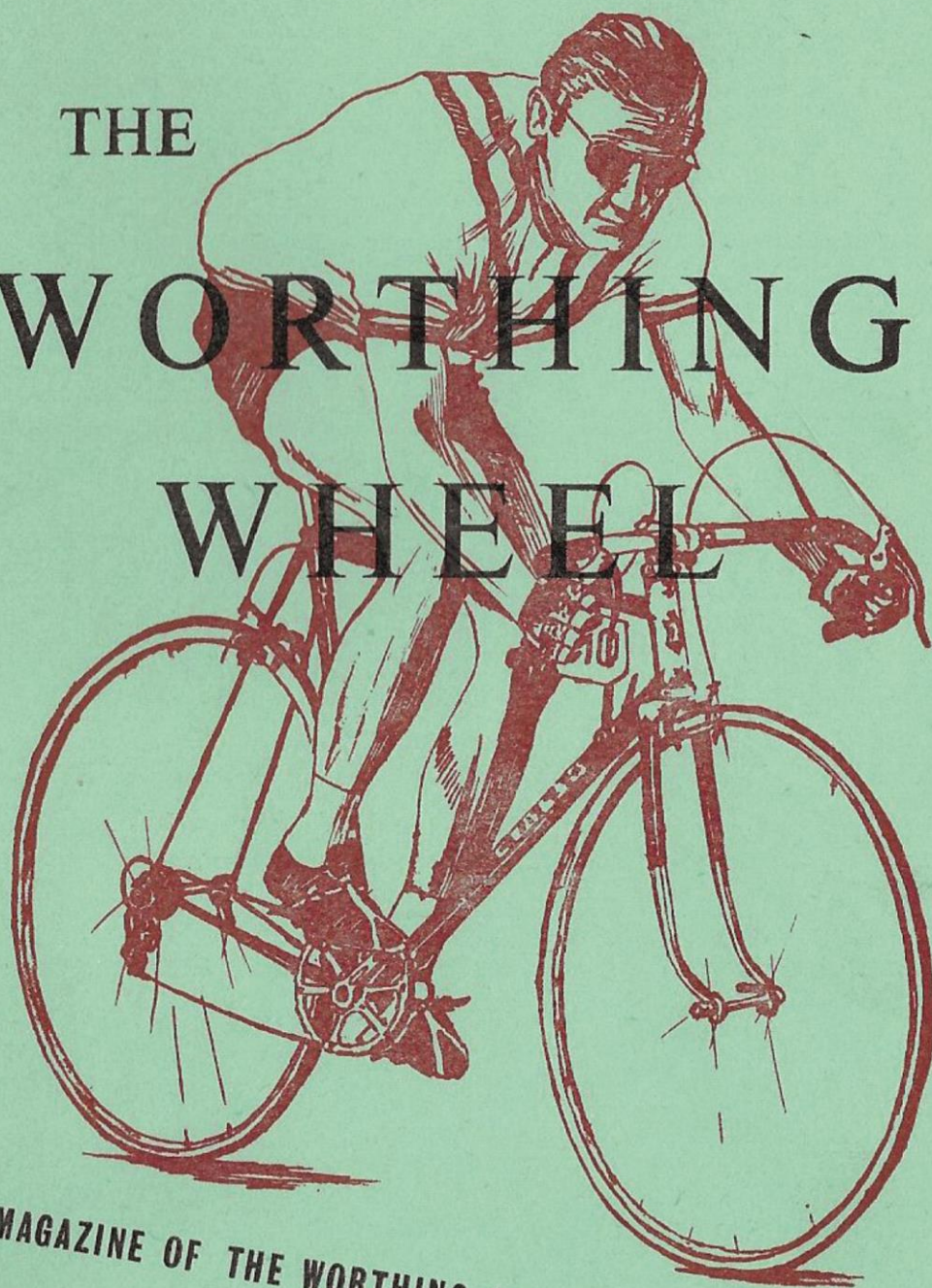


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THE WORTHING WHEEL



MAGAZINE OF THE WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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the journal of the

WORTHING EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB

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The opinions and comments expressed in this
magazine are the opinions and comments of
the individual contributor and are not
necessarily the views of the Worthing
Excelsior Cycling Club or of its committee.

THE SUSSEX MUTUAL HUNDRED

This event, the Sussex C.A. Championship and a fully open event generously sponsored by the Sussex Mutual Building Society and incorporating several Club Championships including our own, was again an outstanding success due to the tremendous amount of work put in by our Ray Douglass as promoter on behalf of the Association. The entry increased yet again and quality also gets higher as the message that this is a superior event gets farther and farther afield.

I liase with the sponsors to try and ensure maximum coverage and prior publicity and another meeting shortly will discuss more ideas for 1981. Each year will be better than the last is the only way to tackle such a promotion and we are succeeding.

The distinct possibility of the first sub-four hour '100' in Sussex was knocked on the head when super fast John Oakes crashed, fortunately without too much damage, at Patching Pond. There was however another superb winning effort, with Ray Palin of the London Fire Brigade, recording 4.5.41 only 27 seconds outside the event record. Best of the S.C.A. riders was East Grinstead's Brian Phillips., second overall in 4.9.20., while previous winner Bob Crayford from the Gravesend Club was home third in 4.11.40.

Worthing's awards this time were a fine victory in the scratch team section where despite the absence of Richard Shipton we narrowly beat Eastbourne with an aggregate 13 hours 23 minutes 24 seconds. Keith Dodman led the way, and thereby took the Club Championship with 4.23.12 (7th overall and 5th in the County). Paul Toppin in his first outing at the distance clocked a fine 4.27.36 and Adrian Cooper enjoying a great season managed 4.32.36 and even then managed to get off course !

Other Worthing rides were :-

Dick Wiseman 4.45.02

Norman Wright 4.51.03

Ken Atkins 5.00.39

Both Paul and Dick had punctures.

Norman Wright with an allowance of 50 minutes was first handicap winner in the Club event.

Don.

The Club Championship 25

(including the Sherwin Junior Trophy)

3rd May 1980

Result

1. Richard Shipton	58.22	Scratch	58.22
2. Keith Dodman	1.01.24	1.30	59.54
3. Paul Toppin	1.02.27	1.00	1.01.27
4. Adrian Cooper	1.03.36	3.00	1.00.36
5. Don Lock	1.07.09	6.45	1.00.24
6. Dave Hudson	1.07.12	5.30	1.01.42
7. Robin Holden	1.07.46	4.30	1.02.52
8. Dick Wiseman	1.09.50	5.50	1.04.00
Norman Wright	1.09.50	10.30	59.20
10. Eddy Gough	1.10.31	8.30	1.02.01
11. Ken Atkins	1.10.49	9.00	1.01.49
12. Mike Poland	1.11.01	10.00	1.01.01
13. Andrew Lock	1.11.07	15.00	56.07
14. Ray Douglass	1.12.47	11.15	1.01.32
15. Stephen Jukes	1.13.59	13.00	1.00.59
16. John Grant	1.17.43	18.00	59.43

1st Richard Shipton 1st Handicap Andrew Lock

2nd Keith Dodman 2nd Handicap Richard Shipton

Sixteen entries a full start and everyone finished, which is nice for those who turn out to officiate, Roger and Jean Antram, Alan Matthews, and Westhampnett turn Marshall Tony Hill, down especially from Wakefield ? Also for the others

who were around in support, along the course.

What started around 7 hours as a perfectly still morning deteriorated somewhat by the 8.15 start with a stiff south westerly and cooler temperatures and most found the westward half out to Westhampnett rather hard. The two best rides were appropriately rewarded, Richard Shipton's 58.22 being three minutes clear and putting the fastest ever time on the Championship trophy. Andrew Lock still only 13 and riding his first 25 rode very strongly to record a short 'eleven' and considerably update his Dad's (he did the handicapping) opinion as to his stamina. Stephen Jukes, another making his debut at the distance rode strongly to record a 'thirteen' and both these promise much in the near future. The Sherwin Trophy for fastest junio went to Robin Holden but with a rather less sparkling performance.

Dick Wiseman suffered a puncture and undoubtedly lost him 5th place with a delay of 4/5 minutes.

A Day in the New Forest Saturday 19th
July 1980

by a 'foreign' correspondent

The weather forecast had been dreadful - and the weather was dreadful. However, the six of us, Dave Hudson, Dave Mills, Stephen Jukes and Andrew Searle of the Worthing Excel. plus Craig Olive and yours truly from the Brighton Excel, were packed into the two Daves' vehicles and set out for the New Forest. Two hours later, with 10's consumed, we left the motors and started the climb from Round

Hill (near Cadnam) and headed into gale force winds and driving rain for Ringwood.

Those who are familiar with Dave Hudson's runs will know that whatever is promised on the brochure will take place, but the promise of sunshine was, we thought going a bit too far. I don't know what power Dave has over the elements because by the time we had reached Ringwood for 11's it was dry, the sun had appeared briefly and was later to shine for most of the afternoon, a fact which Dave lost no opportunity to point out !

Suitably refreshed we took a devious route through the lanes, in a strangely quiet Forest, to Burley, where a pub lunch was consumed. This was an unusually dry affair, with the more alcoholic members of both Clubs missing.

The afternoon ride to Bucklers Hard was most memorable. In brilliant sunshine with crystal clear visibility and with a strong breeze behind us, we were able to enjoy the Forest at its best. The foliage and grass was an emerald green, whilst on the heaths the purple of the heather was beginning to show through, and of course the native ponies and their young wandering freely.

As our journey continued taking us through Sway, Boldre and East End we encountered twelve Americans cycling in the opposite direction, - all wearing red crash hats, all from the same party and yet none of them riding together, with some as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ mile apart ! Dave did manage to chat up one of the girls but alas she lives a long way from Canada ----.

Leaving Bucklers Hard and heading for Brockenhurst we diverted a little and descended on the C.T.C. camping week under the care of Peter Knottley, who seemed

very pleased to see us. Among the bikes resting between the trees was one that looked like the Blackpool Illuminations plus stereo sound on wheels ! Having left the site by means of a soggy track Stephen's (new) blue bike was now a murky brown and required a 'bath' in Brockenhurst ford, as did Andrew !

After a slowly served but quickly eaten meal we sped through Lyndhurst and Minsted and then on to our transport home arriving back in the Worthing area at about 10.30 p.m. having had a most enjoyable day in pleasant company and beautiful scenery.

Thank-you Dave and can you let us know when you have ordered the next fine day ?

Mileage : approx. 70

Punctures : Worthing Ex. 2 (Dave H.)
Brighton Ex. 3 (All mine).

Mike Stringer.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST IT !

NUMBER FOUR

They cross when the light says don't, they cross where the crossing isn't. The older they are the more they risk their necks, and ours, as they step off the kerb then back on again just sufficiently to put you in the side of a car. They have sticks like magic wands expecting everything to come to an instant halt. No allowances are made for conditions, whether it be dry or wet or even downright icy, makes no difference. They do, of course, have their favourite spots, like between parked vehicles, round the

back, yes and even the front of buses, just round corners, near but definitely not on crossings and straight out of shops as though roads were all precincts. They wave sticks and shopping and newspapers, they look, if you're lucky, to left or right, but you'll never get both and beware, for even if the head is turned in your direction it doesn't mean a thing, for they've either not seen you or decided that bicycles do not exceed 5 m.p.h. and may therefore be completely disregarded. In Worthing we certainly get our share - jaywalkers, there ought to be a law against them.

P.S. Someone tells me there is a law, well its about time someone enforced it.

THE DAVE HUDSON SPECTACULAR

The 1980 version of Dave's annual excursion into the world of time trial promotion was again an unqualified success. Unqualified that is, if you ignore his complete inability to gain any control over local climatic conditions. After the 1979 Washington Monsoon, 1980 produced an arctic gale which drove straight through the track suits, anoraks and anything else we could find to huddle in at the finish. But then he will hold the event in the middle of the British summer so what does he expect.

He somehow mustered a field of 84 against the previous year's 46 and these were to include three 22 minute rides and another eight inside 25 m.p.h. The event was well organised and with the help of Theo Puttick and Betty and Gordon Curd and many others around the course, marshalling, timing, recording, and even Ivan Morris who willingly donned road sweeper's jacket and broom and cleared

the grit from the Ashington corner, Dave succeeded, just as he does with his social and touring outings, in getting it all just perfect. Lots of food and drink and fast results to the excellent result board. A great atmosphere which quite dispelled the cold and all in all a good evening's sport.

The winner was Tony Goodsell of Central Sussex in 22.11. and he with team mates Mark Jones, second in 22.41 and Paul Lipscombe 5th with 23.10 gave the Central the lions share of the awards. Best placed Club rider was Paul Toppin who must have found it rather strange to be sixth after his complete domination of the Club's own evening series of races on the same course. Keith Dodman and Adrian Cooper tied with 24.03 and Greg Hill made the award list with fastest juvenile time of 26.04.

Other club times were :-

Robin Holden	24.47	Stewart Gibbs	27.00
Roy Holden	24.50	Norman Wright	27.27
Dick Wiseman	24.59	Bill Patrick	27.32
Don Lock	25.29	Andrew Lock	27.43
Ken Atkins	26.39	Mike Poland	27.44
Stephen Jukes	27.46	Ray Douglass	27.48
Michael Gibbs	29.30	John Lewis	29.40
Brian Weir	32.29		

Extracted from 'Cycling' 21st October 1959

TRAFFIC AND TIME TRIALS

Week-end traffic on main roads has become an important problem in time trials. In North Tynes, the course which has been used for 25 mile events almost since the start of unpaced riding in the area lies over 12½ miles of A.6 and week-end traffic thereon is now so dense that the local committee of the R.T.T.C. has decided to

recommend that this course be no longer used.

The suggestion will not be popular, for this is the only fast out-and-home stretch in the area that is not yet marred by traffic-lights or Halt signs. It has been hallowed by long use and is sited very conveniently, but by 9 a.m. on fine Sundays the road takes on the appearance of a conveyor belt. To turn in the road is often a hazardous proceeding. But the factor which probably most influenced the committee is the element of unfairness which the traffic has introduced. Rapidly-passing streams of motor vehicles create what has been euphemistically called a "suction effect," and provide shelter from contrary winds. Slower-moving lorries can hinder and it is frequently difficult to avoid giving an impression of taking pace. Two well-known local riders, both ex-course-record-holders have expressed themselves strongly; one has said he will ride on Manchester and Yorkshire courses if the course continues to be used, while the other will take up competitive running if the unfairness is allowed to continue.

This is more than a local problem; other areas must face up to it soon. North Lancs. officials are to be commended on their initiative.

Seems like the problems not as new as we thought.

Don.

SENIOR 15. 24th JULY 1980

After the junior event of two weeks previous, in came the seniors to show them how it should be done and recent junior winner Paul Toppin demonstrated admirably coming home in 35.36 almost

a full minute ahead of Keith Dodman 36.30. Roy Holden troubled by knee trouble this season and not going well had to give best to son Robin (the 1980 Junior winner) with times of 38.47 to 38.50.

Full Result

1.	Paul Toppin	35.36	Sc.	35.36
2.	Keith Dodman	36.30	0.20	36.10
3.	Robin Holden	38.47	1.50	36.57
4.	Roy Holden	38.50	1.30	37.20
5.	Ken Atkins	40.44	5.00	35.44
6.	Bill Patrick	40.48	6.00	34.48
7.	Norman Wright	41.38	5.20	36.18
8.	Stephen Jukes	42.15	6.00	36.15
9.	Ray Douglass	42.31	6.30	36.01
10.	Michael Gibbs	45.19	10.00	35.19
11.	John Lewis	47.17	10.00	37.17
12.	Ivan Morris	53.42	12.00	41.42

Handicap award to Bill Patrick.

THE FIRSTS (The Second in our new series)

The First 50 mile under 2 hours.

When timekeeper Mr. A. E. Dimmock pressed the button on his stopwatch as the rider sped by at the finish of the Velma 50 on that first Sunday in July 1947 he was recording the first 25 m.p.h. 50 in time trialling in this country. The man who had sped past was the man widely tipped to do it, George Fleming of the Belle Vue C.C. He had set a new record in the Catford 50 in May that year of 2.1.32 but the morning of the 'Velma' was sticky and at the half way turn on the Bath road course he was clocking only 63 minutes so it was a pretty remarkable '56', albeit wind assisted, which was produced on the return leg to give an amazing 1.59.14. Balding George Fleming at an age when men begin to lose the edge of their

speed was going faster and faster and a feat undreamed of a year before had become hard fact. That's 33 years ago - no drag strips or track smooth trunkroads then, and what wouldn't most of us give to be able to do the same here in the 1980's.

WARTIME MEMORY - WEEKEND LEAVE 1943

Slipping out through the main gate of RAF Biggin Hill, since graced by the presence of a Hurricane and a Spitfire, I turned left along the main Bromley Westerham Road, past the Sally Ann (or Salvation Army Canteen, for the younger reader) and right again into the deep valley to the west of the airfield. I was in uniform, with my forage cap tucked in one side pocket and a 48-hour pass safely in a breast pocket, having passed the scrutiny of the Service Policeman on the gate. He had little time for a lowly AC1.

I pedalled my Parkes "Century" lightweight along the lanes in the deepening gloom, through Addington and Shirley. Now no glimmer of light in the blackout and only a heavily shielded front lamp, giving practically no light ahead, to see by (no rear light, of course in those days). Still, there was no other traffic at all and no night is ever pitch black. Arriving at Croydon there was rubble in the road, and, as I suddenly discovered, broken glass everywhere from Jerry's latest attentions. So for half a mile I carried the bike until I reached East Croydon station. Tickets for myself and the bike purchased and down the long double flight of steps to the platform and a wait for the Worthing train. It duly rumbled in, heavily blacked out, and, with bike in the guards' van, I was off again for the hour and a half journey.

Worthing Central Station and shrouded gas lamps, a cheery porter (what became of them?) and then up South Farm Road in even darker darkness. A Worthing little different from pre-war days, apart from the sealed-off sea-front with its barbed wire and its concrete tank defences, the gap blown out of the pier and the Home Guards with their leather gaiters.

Nearly two whole days to cycle round Sussex, meet old friends and sleep in a comfortable bed with cotton sheets, then back again to Biggin Hill, to 303 Browning Guns, 20 mm Hispano Cannons, trainloads of ammunition and a war to be won.

Maurice Reeve-Black.

TWO - UP 25

Tuesday evening 1st July was typical, for a Tuesday evening in November. It was cold and grey and windy rain threatened, indeed some fell, it was like many recent evenings and this perhaps had something to do with the rather poor turnout.

Five teams had entered but only four were able to start as Greg Hill failed to materialise, however his partner Don Lock was able to team up with Fred Harkness of the Brighton Mitre, and so five teams plus Rick and Val Stringer of the Brighton Excelsior on their tandem were to depart from time-keeper Norman Macmillan.

The wind, according to all who rode, so we shall take no notice of anyone else, was due west and gale force on the way out to Westhampnett, and south

east on the return. In fact though all teams were about five minutes faster on the return half.

The result:

1st Paul Toppin /Keith Dodman	58.59
2nd Adrian Cooper/Colin Miller	1.02.13
3rd Bill Patrick/Andrew Searle	1.10.29
4th Stephen Jukes/Andrew Lock	1.11.00
- Don Lock/Fred Harkness	(1.5.49)
- Rick & Val Stringer(Tandem)	(1.2.39)

Good efforts from the third and fourth placed teams for none of these have ever ridden a '25' let alone a 2-up.

JUNIOR 15 July 10th

We have more under 18's interested in racing than we have had for some years and yet there were only 6 starters and five finishers. Where were you David Yorke, Rick Stoner and Greg Hill? to name just three. Anyway apart from Paul Macmillan - definitely not his evening with a late start, a puncture, and a long walk, the others had some very good competitive rides, and really quite excellent times on this course designed more for hard roadmen, than junior time trialists. Robin Holden was dominant but young Stewart Gibbs was less than two minutes down in only his second ever race and deservedly picked up the handicap prize. Robin's time was 39.51 and by common assent this was no easy night, and Stewart was second in 41.47. Stephen Jukes got the better of his 2-up partner Andrew Lock coming third in 42.20 to Andrew's 43.15 but Andrew was happy with a $2\frac{3}{4}$ minute personal best and he was still only 13. Andrew Searle only just made the line in time and did not perhaps produce his best form just failing to beat

evens with a time of 45.01

Full Result.

1st Robin Holden	39.51	Sc.	39.51
2nd Stewart Gibbs	41.47	5.00	36.47
3rd Stephen Jukes	42.20	4.30	37.50
4th Andrew Lock	43.15	4.50	38.25
5th Andrew Searle	45.01	4.45	40.16

MILTON KEYNESa letter from our Ex-Ed.

I promised the Editor, before Sarah and myself left for Milton Keynes, that I would send down the occasional article describing the cycling scene that we found. Well I have been so impressed with everything we have seen that it is difficult to know where to start.

Milton Keynes is Britain's newest City, some 50 miles north of London in North Buckinghamshire. It is about 2½ hours away by car from the Sussex coast. The area has enveloped 3 old established towns (Bletchley, Wolverton and Stony Stratford) and 13 villages (one of them Milton Keynes), and it is some 7 miles across in each direction. In some parts you would be forgiven for thinking that you were in the middle of a giant building site, with cranes dominating the skyline and thick mud on all the roads. In others, the estates have become established and landscaping is meticulous. Thousands of sapplings are being planted everywhere - in residential and shopping areas and on road sides, embankments and cuttings.

The well surfaced main roads have been arranged in grid format, providing fast links in all directions. North South roads are designated 'vertical' and East West roads 'horizontal'. All have names with 'streets' (V suffix) and 'ways'

(H suffix) - you soon get the hang of it. For example Saxon Street V7 runs parallel to Marlborough Street V8, and they are crossed by Childs Way H6 running parallel to Chaffron Way H7. All these roads are derestricted and so attract cars doing 60 to 70 miles per hour together with numerous HGV's plying between the industrial estates and the M1 and A5. The residential areas are built between these main grids and so a safe means of getting from one to another was needed. The opportunity was seized to show for the first time how travel for pedestrians and cyclists could be made safe and pleasant. The solution is called REDWAY.

This is an extensive system of footpaths and cycle ways threaded through the City. Most important is its complete separation from the main roads and its consequent high level of safety for all users. Nearly everywhere the Redway follows the shortest route that pedestrians and cyclists would naturally take from one place to another. It also plays a vital role in binding the City together. Pedestrians share with cyclists the system, and there is a common regard for each other. The Redway crosses main roads by underpasses or footbridges, and local roads at specially designed ground level crossing points.

The Redway has been made purposely easy to recognise. It has a distinctive red asphalt surface; is a standard 3 metres wide (and in some places 5m wide); has eye-catching yellow bollards at local road crossings; and finally is independantly lit. Like most cycle ways that I have used there is the isolated case of broken glass, but the path is usually wide enough to miss it, and neither of us have suffered yet. Already there is in excess of 50 miles of

Redway in use, with more under construction and yet more planned. In addition, there are some 20 miles of 'leisure routes', which in the main are less than 3m wide and have a firm gravel surface. These are found in parks, fields and down by the canal, and it means that you could have a good day away from the City without being confronted by vehicles.

The Redway usually starts within the housing or industrial estates, but bikes are in no way excluded from other roads. Indeed many 'cycling types' are seen on them - even training on the dual carriageways in the evenings. The only prohibition is at the Central Shopping Area where provision is made in racks around the perimeter of the complex and no dogs or cycles are allowed in the shopping malls.

Milton Keynes is an undulating place, as can be detected by any cross-City ride. The Centre is on top of a hill and so not only commands good views all round, but is well seen from the surrounding district. It also makes a windy day intolerable. The roads have gentle gradients in fact most motorists would probably think of it as being flat - but the Redway seems, contrary to publicity, to rise and fall over or under the roads. However, it does make for some exhilarating riding and bends are gentle with hazards few.

So with the Redway, residents are linked to the main centres of work, shopping and recreation; children have freedom to travel in safety; school children using them should relieve pressure on public transport and the roads at peak times; it provides routes for the elderly and disabled, unable to

confront steps, steep curbs and busy roads; and above all accidents involving cyclists should be dramatically reduced.

In closing I will say that although the system is comprehensive, it is a little bewildering and for me the specially produced map of the system at a scale of 1:14000 is essential equipment.

As the weather improves (for these first few weeks have been diabolical) and our knowledge of the area increases I promise to put pen to paper and give you an insight into what was once a quiet backwater of Buckinghamshire.

Derek

The Sussex C.A. and Club 50 Mile Championship
15th June 1980

The indifferent weather at the dawning of 15th June did not propose to me any great things in the 1980 championship, but the start card had a promising look about it and even the morning was improving as I packed myself off for a spot of early morning marshalling on the eastern end of the Arundel Bypass. From a Club point of view only the Holdens, Roy and Robin were missing but otherwise we had eleven entries Keith Dodman, Richard Shipton, Paul Toppin, Dick Wiseman, Pete Reeves, Adrian Cooper, Ray Douglass, Mike Poland, Ken Atkins, Norman Wright and Eddie Gough. There were other ingredients that made it interesting; Keith had recently won the Southern Counties 50 on a hard day and course in 2.7. Richard had twice broken the Club 30 record in recent weeks and Paul was after breaking the hold of his two more senior clubmates on the longer distance trophies. From a County viewpoint, questions like: how fast is Mark Jones Central Sussex,

was his 1.58 in the E.S.C.A. last week a fluke, how short was the course ? and what about Eastbourne's George Windsor who was second in that one ? Why didn't Cliff Sharp finish ? Is he over the top ? Then what about the team, well there may be only certificates to fight for, but the prestige....now thats another thing.

Jones for the Central was backed by Graham Kerr and John Yates but the gap between them looked too big. Eastbourne were stronger for behind Windsor and Sharp they had Dave Kitching and Dave Durbar and seemed to pose Worthing's biggest threat.

My timing was not exact with the timekeeper but it was accurate as between riders and it is amazing to notice that after only $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles the riders who were to finish in the top 6 places had already taken up those positions and were already well clear of the pack. They were led by Mark Jones and followed with these deficits: Windsor 2 seconds, Sharp 3 seconds, Shipton 5 seconds, Dodman 15 seconds, Toppin 23 seconds. I cannot comment on the battles that ensued between Arundel and the Langstone Roundabout turn on this now very good straight out and back course but I observed their return and saw that Jones had just caught Toppin for 5 minutes and the six leaders were stretched from seconds to minutes but were still way out in front. I tried a rough calculation of the team positions and it looked as though we had it sewn up, but only just.

The last riders returned and I went back to the Hammerpot to learn the final statistics :

Individual

1st Mark Jones 1.58.10
2nd George Windsor 1.58.45
3rd Richard Shipton 2.00.21
4th Cliff Sharp 2.1.34
5th Keith Dodman 2.2.4
6th Paul Toppin 2.3.15

Team

1st Worthing Excelsior 6.5.40
2nd Eastbourne Rovers

The Club trophy goes to Richard but 6.5.40 is a new team record so three fine rides are recorded. The Club handicap award goes to Paul Toppin with a net of 1.48.15 but I think we shall have to have our own handicapping if the S.C.A's is going to be like it was in this event, take Keith and Paul for example, who on any perusal of their entry forms would have given Paul a quarter of an hour ! Other Club times, Adrian Cooper 2.11.2 Dick Wiseman 2.16.18, Eddy Gough 2.17.46, Mike Poland 2.22.00, Ken Atkins 2.22.13, Norman Wright 2.26.41, Ray Douglass 2.27.09.

Don Lock.

Evening Tens

Event No.9

1st Paul Toppin	23.35	Sc	23.35
2nd Dick Wiseman	24.54	1.50	23.04
3rd Don Lock	25.53	2.00	23.53
4th Stewart Gibbs	26.25	6.00	20.25
5th Norman Wright	26.35	3.40	22.55
6th Andrew Lock	27.03	4.20	22.43
7th Ray Douglass	27.09	4.00	23.09
8th Stephen Jukes	27.12	3.20	23.52
9th Andrew Searle	27.45	4.20	23.25
10th Michael Gibbs	29.58	6.00	23.58

Event No. 10

1st Paul Toppin	22.26	Sc.	22.26
2nd Adrian Cooper	23.40	0.30	23.10
3rd Dick Wiseman	24.17	1.40	22.37
4th Don Lock	24.58	2.00	22.58
5th Dave Hudson	25.00	0.35	24.25
6th Ken Atkins	25.29	3.00	22.29
7th Norman Wright	25.40	3.40	22.00
8th Bill Patrick	25.52	3.50	22.02
9th Stewart Gibbs	26.17	2.30	23.47
10th Andrew Lock	26.18	4.20	21.58
11th Ray Douglass	26.53	4.20	22.33
12th David Yorke	27.22	5.15	22.07
13th Andrew Searle	27.30	4.20	23.10
14th Bill Procter	27.44	5.20	22.24
15th Michael Gibbs	28.13	5.00	23.13
16th John Grant	29.09	6.30	22.39
17th Ivan Morris	31.53	6.00	25.53

Event No.11

1st Paul Toppin	22.40	Sc.	22.40
2nd Adrian Cooper	23.33	0.45	22.48
3rd Robin Holden	23.39	0.50	22.49
4th Greg Hill	24.37	2.10	22.27
5th Dave Hudson	24.40	1.35	23.05
6th Don Lock	24.46	2.00	22.46
7th Bill Patrick	25.39	3.20	22.19
8th Ken Atkins	25.43	3.00	22.43
9th Andrew Lock	26.01	3.50	22.11
10th Norman Wright	26.06	2.10	22.56
11th Stephen Jukes	26.16	3.20	22.56
12th Ray Douglass	26.26	4.20	22.06
13th David Yorke	27.09	4.45	22.24
14th Bill Procter	27.17	5.00	22.17
15th John Grant	28.31	-	-

Event No.12

1st Paul Toppin	23.08	Sc.	23.08
2nd Dick Wiseman	24.22	1.40	22.42
	20.		

3rd Greg Hill	24.46	2.00	22.46
4th Dave Hudson	24.50	1.40	23.10
5th Andrew Lock	25.44	3.20	22.24
6th Ken Atkins	25.49	3.00	22.49
7th Bill Patrick	26.09	3.00	23.09
8th Norman Wright	26.26	3.10	23.16
9th Stephen Jukes	26.32	3.20	23.12
10th Ray Douglass	26.58	3.45	23.13
11th Mike Poland	27.00	3.40	23.20
12th Bill Procter	27.17	4.45	22.32
13th David Yorke	27.25	4.45	22.40
14th Pete Mansfield	27.45	-	-
15th John Grant	30.03	-	-
16th Roy Day	32.21	6.00	26.21

Event No.13

1st Paul Toppin	22.11	Sc.	22.11
2nd Dick Wiseman	23.50	1.40	22.10
3rd Adrian Cooper	24.22	0.45	23.37
4th Robin Holden	24.36	0.50	23.46
5th Stephen Jukes	25.29	3.20	22.09
6th Bill Patrick	25.33	3.00	22.33
7th Mike Poland	26.30	3.40	22.50
8th Pete Mansfield	26.32	-	-
9th Ray Douglass	26.38	3.45	22.53
10th Bill Procter	27.29	4.05	23.24
11th John Grant	29.25	6.00	23.25

Event No.14

1st Paul Toppin	23.12	Sc.	23.12
2nd Adrian Cooper	24.03	0.45	23.18
3rd Robin Holden	24.31	0.50	23.41
4th Dick Wiseman	24.43	1.35	23.08
5th Don Lock	24.55	2.00	22.55
6th Greg Hill	24.56	1.40	23.16
7th Ken Atkins	25.52	2.30	23.22
8th Bill Patrick	26.14	3.00	23.14
9th Stephen Jukes	26.22	3.10	23.12
10th Andrew Lock	26.26	3.20	23.06
11th Norman Wright	26.42	3.10	23.32

12th Mike Poland	26.45	3.40	23.05
13th Clive Smith	27.05	-	-
14th Alan Matthews	27.28	6.30	20.58
15th Ray Douglass	27.32	3.45	23.47
16th Andrew Searle	27.44	4.20	23.24
17th David Yorke	27.44	4.10	23.34
18th Bill Procter	28.09	4.05	24.04
19th Roy Day	30.08	6.00	24.08
20th Dennis Jukes	31.39	-	-

AND WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT

34 Western Road North
Sompting
Lancing.

17.8.80

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have just read the summer 1980 issue of 'Worthing Wheel' and realised that it was issue No.50, a milestone surely, but no mention of this fact in the magazine.

Congratulations anyway, to all concerned in what is a really fine cycling club magazine.

Yours sincerely,

CHRIS BECKINGHAM

BRIGHTON EXCELSIOR CYCLING CLUB
ANNUAL SLIDE AND FILM SHOW

As they have hired an excellent colour movie they have decided this year to put this event on at the Shoreham Community Centre where there are ample facilities including safe parking for bikes and cars. "The Stars and the

Water Carriers" Jorgen Leth's magnificent film shows every facet of stage racing, from joking in the bunch to the hard climbs through the Alps with Eddy Merckx torturing the field. 90 absorbing minutes you really can't afford to miss. Tickets are 50p. from Val Stringer, 144 Downside, Shoreham. Get yours early.

FIESTA

The Worthing Excelsior Fiesta Kermesse on Worthing's Marine Parade on Sunday morning 24th August was watched by very good crowds who were treated to 4 hours of exciting racing with the attraction of top National and Olympic riders among the 103 entries.

Paul Toppin who took on the job of promoter would like I know to thank all who helped in the running of the event both on the day and in the weeks beforehand but particularly Charlie Lednor and Theo Puttick. It was nevertheless Paul's overall responsibility on the day and the early problems of immoveable vehicles and the late arrival of St. John's probably brought on his first grey hairs. The fact that everything did go off well is due to all his hard work and he moves inevitably into the nucleus of club promoters.

Bob Downes of the G.S. Strada Manulife team and a member of the Great Britain Team Time Trial squad that finished ninth in Moscow dominated the Ron Mills Cycles sponsored All Cats senior race over 45 laps but eventually won it only narrowly in a tremendous sprint from Paul Allen of the National Westminster Bank C.C. with Steve White of the National Road squad and Gemini C.C. leading home the bunch.

It was Steve White who produced the

killing sprint at the end of the final race the Devil take the hindmost, sponsored as usual by M.G.M. Assurance, Tony Costick London Fire Brigade was second and Peter Chapman of the Orpington Ken Bird outfit was third after a mysterious disappearance of Bob Downes from the leading group as they entered the finishing straight.

Before this there had been some very keen racing in the juniors and 3rd category seniors event over 30 laps. This one was sponsored by the Gateway Building Society and produced a repeat of the 1979 result with Derek Playford of the V.C.D'Or Pennygate once again leading the way home. The under 14's event, "The Bentall's Starter" had, unfortunately only a small entry and was won by Gary Daniel and I wonder whether some other event, perhaps having more spectator appeal might be substituted in 1981. Plaza Cycles generously adopted the under 16's race and this turned out to be something of a benefit for the Calleva Cycle Racing Club with Christopher Pope leading clubmates into most of the prizes.

Radio Brighton were in 'live' attendance, we had a good write up in the Fiesta News preview and coverage in the local press. All this with the good number of spectators must have told a few more what a good cycling club we have in Worthing.

Don.

DANGEROUS ROAD SURFACES

The Club has a supply of postcards from the Cycling Council of Great Britain. These are printed and designed to warn the appropriate highway authority

of road conditions which constitute an unnecessary hazard to cyclists and request a proper repair. Roy Holden who can be contacted on Littlehampton 5756 is in charge of these and if you let him have details of the exact position and type of dangerous condition that you come across he will send in a card from the Club. The Cycling Council are also informed. With all the economies and inadequate repair work we must keep the Councils on their toes. They do have a liability.

Don.

FIRST AND LAST (?)

What possesses a group of ageing idiots to set off on a 12 hour C.T.C. organised 100 miles ride, and what on earth was I doing amongst them? These thoughts crossed my mind many times during the day. I hadn't intended to ride at all - the possibility of my going up there to see what went on was discussed, and then the idea was brought up that if I put my name down as an entrant I would get the food. "Oh, well" I thought, "I'll ride until lunch and then pack in and go to tea". The only preparation I had was some outings to meet the '40 Plus' - no more than 37 miles at a time. I must admit, though, that the other riders were a good bunch of (mainly) fellows. At lunch someone asked me how long it was since I had ridden a 100 miles. I had to admit it was 27 years ago, so the prospects for the remaining miles were not very promising.

By tea time we were the last ones to check in and it was, for me, like one of those slow motion films - my legs were going slower by the minute and the 18 miles

left might as well have been 81 for the amount of enthusiasm left in me.

I decided I didn't want to end in a heap by the roadside and that I wasn't out to prove anything. I didn't need a certificate to prove I was mad, anyway ! I had the dubious distinction of being the only occupant of the "sag wagon" and was taken back to the finish by a nice young couple with a small boy. I felt ashamed that I hadn't finished when I saw the old boys coming in for their hard earned bits of paper. I shall now know next time Roger rides what is going on, but I don't reckon I shall be joining him.

Jean.

C.T.C. TRIENNIAL HUNDRED

Whether the urge to partake has anything to do with a full moon or not, I can't say, but in June every three years, a number of CTC veterans decide to get together for a 100 mile run in various parts of the country. For those not in the know, "Veteran" in CTC parlance means men of 50 or more and women over 40. (now where's the equality, then ?!) However, putting that poser to one side, my entry form went off for a ride with the Southern section, starting and finishing at the CTC HQs in Godalming.

I already had two of these Triennial rides under my belt and was eagerly looking forward to a third. When I let Jean know what I was up to, she said she had no plans to ride herself - she was unable to get in enough practice - she had no desire to ride a hundred miles - and anyway she didn't have to prove anything. So of course she sent in an entry form !

We were both short of miles and Jean was getting worried, so I spent the few weeks before the ride assuring her that all would be well on the day.

We checked in at Godalming as the first group was setting off, including Henry Stanislas from Lewes, at 81 years of age the oldest rider, with eight Triennials already behind him. Our group was soon on the road, looked after by two very young riders, and the weather was marvellous - for the first hour. Then down came the first heavy shower and this set the pattern for the rest of the day.

Ellevenses was at Selbourne, reached by a devious route, all on minor roads. The rain was teeming down as we arrived, but coffee and food improved our spirits somewhat, and the skies cleared a bit as we left. Some enjoyable riding followed, then came my first puncture, and in the rain, too ! The delay meant some chasing to rejoin the group, but we reached the lunch venue on time. This was at the village hall in Tilford, and after nearly an hour's stop we got going again, our riding being on quiet country lanes. Somewhere between Hambledon and Chiddingfold our young leader lost his way, losing a little time, but not adding much to the mileage.

The afternoon session was a long one - some forty miles - and was marred by an accident when one rider's brakes failed on a hill and he crashed heavily. He went to hospital, and more rain fell as we rode on. The weather was better at Cranleigh, where a welcome break for drinks had been organised. "Only 15 miles to tea" we were told, but it was the "longest" 15 miles of the day ! My rear tyre flattened again, and Jean and I lost contact with

the group, and were last to arrive at tea. The meal itself - at Bucks Green - was very good, but by now Jean had declared "no interest" in the final section - or in any future cycling ! Having arranged transport for her and bike, I set off on my own and caught the rest in Cranleigh. Meantime, my rear tyre kept requiring air and once again I found myself "off the back". However, one of our young riders stayed with me and saw me to the finish, but not before taking the wrong road. We climbed a long and steep hill - 1 in 6 - which I hardly relished at that stage of the run. And of course, it rained again, but there was a lovely rainbow !

We reached the finish with about 10 minutes to spare, and the certificate handed over by CTC Secretary, ~~Leslie~~ Warner, was easily the hardest earned of the three I now have.

I look forward to 1983 !

Roger Smallman.

Aspro Clear for Pedal Power

The Aspro Clear Speed Challenge 1980 was the first European attempt to find the World's fastest Human Powered Vehicle and a fascinating variety of machines certainly created plenty of interest on Brighton's Madeira Drive on Saturday 6th September. The Event was organised by Nicholas Laboratories Ltd in conjunction with the Telegraph Sunday Magazine so there was no lack of coverage by the media and there were many thousands of spectators on a warm and sunny but rather windy day.

World Championships have been held

in the States for some years and earlier this year all previous records had been shattered. The events had been dominated by two completely new and original machines from the American Vector team. The multiple rider machine had two riders back to back in a semi-recumbent position in a beautiful and aerodynamic shell. Both multiple rider and solo machines were very similar and parts were interchangeable. The two man machine powered by two of America's top racing cyclists reached a staggering 62.9 m.p.h. over a flying 200 metres. The single Vector was also very fast recording a record breaking 56.55 m.p.h.

These Vector machines were at Brighton and nothing that Europe could produce could touch them. The blustering winds were however to keep their speeds down to 47 and 46 m.p.h. Best British performance came from the Beacon R.C.C. pair of Tony Webb and Dave Hughes who rode a standard tandem trike covered by a full fairing to a speed of 42.2 m.p.h.

Brighton and Worthing Excelsior members (25 in all) were officiating as race marshalls and those in the machine paddock had a very good view of the 40 or so ingenious vehicles which were there to try their luck. Some seemed to be held together with sellotape while others resembled the Eddywilly creations of yesteryear with cranks and chains and levers which seemed to produce little extra performance despite considerable effort. Some were eccentric beyond belief, like the 'Wag' standing for 'Won't arf go' which had a calor stove behind the saddle and the Handyped ridden by an ancient Dutchman. He certainly made a fair speed but the violent arm action needed had him admitting to being tired before reaching

the measured 200 metres i.e. after just 600 metres, so its future seems rather limited.

An interesting day but the Worthing Excelsior Fiesta promoters of the past few years could have made considerable improvements in the organisation especially the public address, which was non-existent at the starting end, and generally the supply of information to both public and competitors. One of our Tony Palmer/Roger Smallman result boards would have been very much appreciated.

There it goes again

In the last Mag we congratulated Richard Shipton on setting a new record for the 30, now we have to do it again, for hardly had Vol.13 No.2 hit the stalls than we had produced a still faster ride.

The Hertfordshire Wheelers provided the competition and the course was the E.73 in Essex. The date Sunday 8th June and the time 1 hour 9 minutes 38 seconds, beating his 25th May effort by 41 seconds. Richard was third in the event.

Another medal at the Club Dinner and our congratulations.

Another Win

Keith Dodman who has not perhaps gone as fast this season has nevertheless produced some good rides and particularly in local competition, in hard conditions and on the local "sporting" type courses.

In our last issue we reported his win in the Southern Counties 50, now we are pleased to record his fine win in the 30.

Hants Road Club 50 where his time of 2 hours 1 minute and 40 seconds was just 10 seconds too good for the promoting clubs Pete Pickers. Well done Keith.

PETIT TOUR DE FRANCE 1980 - by Adrian Loska,
B.E.C.C.

Thursday

In England it was teatime for most people but, Rick and Valerie Stringer, Chris Beckingham and myself were beginning our mini-tour de France. The journey started with a training run from Shoreham Station to Havant then riding the final miles into Portsmouth. A cup of tea was readily enjoyed before boarding the "Prince of Brittany" (Brittany Ferries). We carefully tried to park our bikes but, unfortunately, a French seaman got hold of them and insisted they were all piled up together with a motley assortment of other bikes. By a miracle no scratches were incurred. After a quick meal on board we retired to our cabin for a peaceful crossing.

Friday

We breakfasted whilst passing the numerous rocky islands before entering the overcast port of St.Malo (Northern Brittany). It did not take us long to enter the walled town. The cobbled streets were very quiet due to it being a motor-restricted area. A grand tasse cafe au lait was enjoyed at one of the many cafes; the parrasol-covered tables reaching out onto the pavements. We planned to ride eastwards along the coast towards le Mont St.Michel (much larger than our own Mount off the coast of Cornwall) Our distance was limited as we wanted to be back in St.Malo for the Tour de France, we, therefore, went half way there only; rocky coastline was enjoyed for 18 k.m. before

a fast tailwind assisted us along an uninspiring flat stretch round a sandy bay for 30 k.m. Many round-towered converted windmills (without sails) were passed while being able to view the ghostly silhouette of Mont St. Michel in the distance. We turned inland to the small town of Mont Dol, it's cathedral-sized church dominating the landscape. In a schoolyard about 200 gendarmes were being briefed on their road positions for the Tour. After our favourite snack of Crepes (pancakes with a range of various fillings) and Orangina, we made our way back to St. Malo where the crowds already lined the roads and Gendarmes covered every junction - this was 3 hours before the arrival of the Tour from Flers, some 164 km away. We took up our place 200 metres from the Finish line: the Tour caravan began to arrive advertising anything from Yogourts to Fly Spray, Underwear and Michelin tyres, each vehicle trying to announce and play music louder than anyone else. The helicopter was eventually seen in the distance navigating a winding course as it filmed the riders below: A convoy of siren-blaring gendarme motor cyclists came into view and there was a lone rider 400 metres in front of the main bunch. The riders passed us three times on the circuit and our necks were stretched to identify them. The sizzle of tyres and spectrum of trade jerseys flew past to deafening cheers, the commentary as exhilarating as at a horserace. The lone Raleigh rider proved to be Bert Oosterbosch (World pursuit Champion) who held out his lead which at the finish was closed to only 200 km. Sean Kelly of Ireland took the sprint from the bunch. The four of us then took half an hour to fight our way out of the

crowds and find the Auberge de Jeunesse (Y.H) After a wash it was back into St.Malo proper for our evening meal and a walk around the walls before returning to our bunks at the hostel.

Sturday

For the Tour riders this was their first rest day. Whilst riding out of St.Malo heading South on an inland route, we passed some of the Isbojoerke team who were out for a gentle ride. One of them jested us, obviously recognising we were English by our saddle bags, they shouted "hello Racing Cyclists" and we all cheered at each other.

St.Malo lies at the mouth of an estuary and we were heading for its highest navigable point, being the town of Dinan. We found our only genuine lightweight cycle shop en route, strangely positioned some 8 km from the nearest village. Eleveses were taken at Pleudihen, where we bought delicious cakes at a Patisserie. After lunching at Dinan we headed north up the west side of the estuary, straight into the wind. The land generally was fairly flat with hedgerows lining the fields but two herds of cattle were the only sign of livestock. Most of the farms were, however, digging potatoes by rotary cultivators fixed on the back of tractors. The wind increased as we neared the coastline and cottages resembling those of Cornwall were abundant but fortunately for us the hills were by no means as severe. Dinard is on the opposite side to St.Malo at the mouth of the estuary. To cross you ride over a huge dam: this was the first of its kind to harness tidal waters for hydro-electricity: it has locks so that boats can enter the sheltered moorings behind

Back in St.Malo we were passing the Hotels where the Tour riders were staying - you could see the team wagons outside and there were jerseys spread along the balconies. Seeing the mechanics of the Redoute-Motobecan

team servicing the bikes we decided to stop and watch. "Hello Boys", said a voice behind us, it being that of Paul Sherwen. It must be those saddlebags again. On returning to the hostel we were able to watch on T.V. the Mens finals at Wimbledon. Unfortunately there were no strawberries and cream for us, but plenty of excitement.

Sunday

After raiding the kitchen at the hostel getting more french bread for breakfast (which was meagre), we packed our belongings and were soon riding out of St. Malo towards the dam. As we were on the Tour route and in T.T. formation we were soon receiving cheers from the crowds. The far side of the dam seemed to be the best place to watch the race as there was quite an uphill stretch which was to have a "Talbot Rush Sprint" at the top. To-day's stage was to Nantes, 203 k.m away. From our position we could see 4 km across the estuary and the "caravan" winding its way down the far slope. When it reached us free samples and advertising material were thrown out of the noisy multi-coloured vehicles and dozens of people greedily grabbed to get something for themselves. The tailenders in the "caravan" were soon hurried on as the riders approached.

The thousands of people lining this dual carriageway on the side of all the activity suddenly started rushing over to the opposing lanes and I only managed to get there myself with 30 seconds to spare before the riders hurried past; why the organisers changed the route for the riders at the last minute we don't know but there were many disappointed people, too settled on the hillside to cross the road in time to see their heroes. Rudi Pevanage who was wearing the yellow jersey won the sprint. Later that day the stage win was stripped from Sean Kelly who was caught by the commissaires

pushing in the sprint. For this he was relegated to last position in the 108field. Jan Raas took the honours.

The 1980 Tour had been plagued by rain and sure enough, as soon as the riders had gone through, so the heavens opened.

Having the rest of the day at our disposal we donned our capes and headed again for Pleudihen where at 11's the previous day we had noticed a poster advertising a carnival and cycle race. Whilst the stalls were being set-up, cyclists began to arrive. We walked around the 2 km circuit (90 km race) which had a steep hill leading back into the village: here we met an Irish rider who was living in France and having limited French he was glad to have someone to talk to. He had had a good season in France but the locals were now ganging-up on him and whilst he hoped to win the day's event, he was rather outnumbered. Strawbales were strategically placed and the marshalls, complete with bottles of beer, as well as flags and whistles, took up their positions. But, it was the carnival procession first and it seemed that the whole village, including the priest, had come out to see the highly decorated floats and drum majorettes accompanied by two brass bands. After they had gone through the starting gun was fired and the race started. Just as if a balloon of water had burst, the rain poured down. This lasted for the first 3 laps making the hill look like a rockery as little streams formed. All the riders were in sponsored clubs, the bikes they were riding being mostly "off the peg" models. The winner's prize was a 3,800 franc Gitane racing bike and our Irish friend seemed to be the dominant rider. Unfortunately, we could not stay for the finish as a meal was needed before boarding the ferry again in St. Malo.

A choppy sea delayed us going to sleep too quickly, for the 8½ hour voyage.

Breakfast on board was a cyclists paradise being self-service after payment of a set charge. Need I say more except that Rick lived-up to his nickname of "shovel-gullet" (and we were not far behind either).

On docking at Portsmouth we were welcomed by our wonderful English weather so with capes on and fortunately a tail-wind we were soon on our way to Havant and home to enjoy another breakfast - well I know I did !

Evening Tens Result (Scratch)

1. Paul Toppin	6 points	Senior
2. Adrian Cooper	11 "	"
3. Dick Wiseman	14 "	"
Greg Hill	14 "	Junior
5. Robin Holden	16½ "	"
6. Andrew Lock	26 "	"
7. Don Lock	27 "	Senior
8. Stephen Jukes	29 "	Junior

(Handicap)

1. Andrew Lock	37½ points	Junior
2. Dick Wiseman	34 "	Senior
3. Andrew Searle	22 "	Junior
4. Bill Proctor	18 "	Senior
Bill Patrick	18 "	"
6. Norman Wright	14 "	"
David Yorke	14 "	Junior
8. Paul Toppin	13½ "	Senior

